so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs: I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

CON. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

DAU. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears her own hair.

CON. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

DAU. *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au bourbier:* thou makest use of any thing.

CON. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

RAM. My lord constable, the armour, that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars[6], or suns, upon it?

CON. Stars, my lord.

DAU. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

CON. And yet my sky shall not want.

DAU. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously: and, 'twere more honour, some were away.

CON. Even as your horse bears your praises: who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

DAU. 'Would, I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-mor-

to walk through the streets with him in *trowses*," for then, (said he,) the boys will laugh at him as Well as me."

See also Ware's Antiquities and History of Ireland, ch. ii. edit. 1705: "Of the other garments of the Irish, namely of their little coats and *strah* breeches, called *trouses*, I have little worth notice to deliver." MALONE.

[6] — the armour—are those STARS, &c.] This circumstance of military finery Is alluded to by Sidney, in his Astrophel and Stella:

"But if I by a happy window passe,
[e] If I but *starres* upon my armour beare—
[61] Your mortall notes straight my hid meaning feare—."

STEEVEKS.